HOME AND SOCIETY.

"TALKING SHOP,"

AN INGENIOUS DODGE-CHICAGO CORRESPOND ENCE-THE "INVITATION DANCE"-AUTUMN FASHIONS-FURNISHING A HOUSE-GRAPE PRESERVES.

Very few people realize how utterly stupid and sting to an outsider is the almost universal habit of "talking shop," that is, keeping the con-New-York people especially are wont to their local interests paramount, and when visitor from any other city or any one who is happens to be among them, they lmost invariably ignore them, and talk "over their heads." as it were, leaving their unfortunate guest to glean what amusement he or she can from the purely personal talk which is not in the least interesting to an outsider. This criticism is more applicable to women than to .nen, and is particularly oticeable in the fashionable set. Masculine interests are naturally broader and more cosmopolitan, and men's talk, therefore, is consequently not so circumscribed. But woe be to the stranger who ands herself left to the tender mercies of a fashionable lot of women in New-York! She is simply and entirely "out of it," and is alone in a crowd, the most unendurable solitude imaginable. This is not an imaginary charge to bring against New-York women, by the way. It is a well-known fact, and

ne that has frequently been commented upon. Less rude, perhaps, but quite as boring to an outsider, is the disposition to "talk shop" in the way of servants, children, and various other domestic matters, on the part of kind-hearted matrons, who would not for the world intentionally neglect a guest or a visitor; but who cannot fancy that any other subject can be so interesting as their ser-vants' delinquencies or their children's illnesses? What can be more tiresome to an outsider than to be suddenly dropped into a community who have mmon interest in which he is totally uninterested? We are all such egotists after all, and it so natural to think that what absorbs us should interest others, that it is hard for us to realize that we may on occasions be both selfish and

ested when you are out in society, you know,' said the pretty girl to an amused listener to her prattle, "and I have discovered a capital recipe against looking dull which I will give to you gratis. At Mrs. A.'s, the other day, I found myself at a big luncheon with a lot of older people present; and on taking our places at the table I was dismayed to find that one of my neighbors was an elderly woman and a total stranger, who turned her shoul-der to me during a greater part of the repast, and the other was Milly B -, who is a dear girl, but has not an idea in her head. After the first few minutes had passed in total silence, a bright idea struck me, 'Milly,' I said suddenly, 'let's count; we will look just as if we were talking, and it's ever so much easier. When I leave off you begin.' And I began in my most vivacious manner, three, four, five, six, seven'-then I paused, and Milly, showing her little white teeth with bona fide merriment, went on 'Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen,' and we both ended with a burst of genuine laugh-

"What a good time those girls are having!" I heard our vis-a-vis saying to her neighbor rather enviously I thought. 'I wonder what they are

"Since my bread-and-butter days when my sisters and my cousins and my aunts visited Europe, sent me back reams of useful information. copied most likely from Murray's hand-book, i have never been so bored with my correspond-ence," said the house-mistress as she was looking over her letters at the breakfast table. "It is nothing but Chicago! Chicago! Chicago! Why on earth should people who visit the Fair imagine that their friends at home should want a detailed account of their experiences? And when they return it is just as bad; it is Chicago ad nauseam. We stay-at-homes all read our newspapers, and know quite as much about the architectural effects, the Midway Plaisance and the thousand and one interesting sights as the people who go there. Thank Heaven, the winter is approaching and we shall seen hear the leaf of the soon hear the last of it!"

As it seems to be on the cards that many families will feel very impecunious this winter, it is fortunate for the young people that subscription affairs have obtained the sanction of Mrs. Grundy. Formerly they were not considered "quite the thing" among upper tendom, but in these fin-desiecle days even the smartest people do not consider a "Dutch treat" to be out of taste. The "invitation dances," as they are called-which are really general subscription dances given under certain auspices-have been the anchor to windward of the younger set this summer at the various watering places, particularly as the private balis have been conspicuous by their absence, and dull indeed would have been their season if they had been entirely dependent upon the more "swagger" func-

tions. These "invitation" balls are inaugurated by a few energetic spirits, who form a committee. select those who are to be "invited" to buy tickets; the proceeds of the sale of tickets are to pay for the supper and ballroom. There will be undoubt-edly many such festivities given this winter, to supplement private entertainments which the key-birds say will be few and far between. There is a good deal to be said in favor of such

an arrangement. The convenience of giving a dance at a house which may be hired expressly for the purpose is considerable. With a good floor for dancing, comfortable seats, good lighting, first-rate music, etc., the battle is more than half won. As dances so given retain more or less a private character, many individuals as well find it an easy way out of a difficulty, and, rather than upset their houses, elect to entertain in this fashion. As regards chaperonage at these semi-private functions is generally allowed that the vigilance of the chaperon may be considerably relaxed; a brother, even if younger than his sisters, is esteemed a good and efficient chaperon for them, and if two or three married women be present it is all that is

"What do you think Tom has done now?" ex

claimed Mrs. S., looking up from her voluminous correspondence which had engrossed her attention for several minutes at the breakfast-table. The cene was laid in the dining-room of a luxurious Newport villa, where the hostess and her guests were idling over a late breakfast and discussing the various bits of gossip suggested by their letters. The "Tom" in question was Mrs. S,'s nephew, a clever young man of ample means, but of erratic proclivities, who, finding the beaten paths of Mayfair too tame for his energetic spirit, was continually trying strange experiments. He had cowboy, Arctic explorer, African traveller; he had lived in the tents of the Arabs and of the North American Indians, and had joined bands of Mexican desperadoes and Italian brigands. With a turn for politics, he was at one time a Socialist, and at another a Fenian-always a radical. So no nder, when Mrs. S. propounded her query, every other subject was dropped, and numerous were the conjectures hazarded until she gratified her guests' curiosity. "Married his cook?" "Lost his fortune?" "Turned priest?" "Started a newspaper?" Anything

"No, you are all wrong," said their hostess, producing her letter, "My sister writes me in great distress that Tom has actually left home without and everything was suggested. cent in his pocket to see how long it will take him to work his way around the world. And what is more, he will do it." she added, conclusively

This seems an incredible freak, but it is an actual fact. It is six months since Mr. - left home, and his friends are expecting news of him daily.

"I always like to go to Mrs. A.'s to lunch," said one of her friends the other day, "because she always gives you something unexpected in the way food. She is continually making interesting ex periments, and they are almost always successful. Yesterday she gave us as a course, corned beef hash (and what is better than corned beef hash, I would like to know, if properly made and beautifully browned on top!) and with it as a vegetable we had banana croquettes. These were simply ban-anas cut in two, rolled in bread crumbs and fried a lovely tan color. They were perfectly delicious, and of course the easiest thing to do imaginable."

"In your department of useful knowledge concerning this thing and that," writes a distracted "will you not tell me how to eradicate stains made by sticky fly-paper-a remedy which, in my opinion, is nearly worse than the disease. What I have suffered from it no words can tell. I am the mother of a large family, and in summer we live farmhouse near the sea; and in August my life is made miserable by flies and fly-paper combined. The children, from the baby up, seem to have a perverse attraction for the horrible stuff. aster in connection with it is of daily

occurrence. Yesterday Jack, in his best new white flannels, sat plump (and he is no light weight) on a plece thickly covered with flies, and the insects became as deeply imbedded in the soft fiannel as if they had been woven with the material. And to-day a sudden gust of wind wafted one of the wretched sheets on to my best black silk, and glued the entire surface flat to the dress. Will some one tell me what is the remedy for such a misfortune

THE PASSING FASHION.

EXAGGERATION OF THE 1850 STYLES-THE

COMING OF THE BASQUE. The Paris dressmakers still reserve with jealous care all detailed information concerning their win-ter styles, but from the way in which some of them are just now exaggerating the 1830 styles it is ripe fox grape can be obtained it makes a good suspected that they intend to make a sudden turn into something entirely different. The autumn jack-ets which these masters of their art has a sudden turn the cultivated Concord grane costs in the height of the cultivated Concord grane costs in the height of their art has a sudden turn the cultivated Concord grane costs in the height of their art has a sudden turn to something entirely different. The autumn jackbeen sending out are in very emphatic 1800 effect. They have full skirts, a cape, straps going diagonally around the waist-to make it look small-and huge sleeves which are tight from elbow to wrist. These Parisians have even been trying to induce their customers to wear the hair dressed high, with the long earrings of fifty years ago to complete

A demi-saison toilet lately made by a Parisian couturier, a costume not in any way exaggerated, may be seen in the accompanying illustration. It is made of rich chine silk, and the skirt has a trimming of three bands of satin and two of gui-



sertions laid across it and is gathered at the waist. Two little scarfs are tied gracefully in front, the second forming the girdle. The sleeve puffs are of silk, and the deep cuffs ornamented with guipure insertion are of satin.

illustrates the queer fantasies which the fashiona-ble Parisian dressmaker semetimes compels his bowls, and as soon as it is cold cover it closely obedient customers to wear. It was of taffeta in changeable willow-green, red and wood color. The skirt had two flounces of willow-green gauze held down by insertions of silk passementerle, mounted on bias bands of white satin. The taffeta corsage had a round waist, and formed a corselet trimmed with two bands of insertion, like the skirt. The gathered guimpe above this corselet was of the wil-low-green gauze, and over this was a tiny bolero jacket of striped green, red and wood-colored silk having wide revers of white satin. These revers were caught down on the bust with two bows and long ends of red velvet. The sleeves, which nearly reached the elbow, were merely four deep ruffles of willow-green gauze. A very full ruche or collarette of the same gauze surrounded the neck, A French watering-place costume much more tasteful than this is one in a bewitching mixture of amber, pink and black. The skirt is of surah in that yellowish shade of pink which "tones in" so prettily with amber. Five narrow flounces of fine black lace, each mounted upon an amber silk foundation, surround the skirt. Over each flounce are run black lace are mounted upon amber silk, and there are small paniers of the same. The gathered bodice is finished off with a glittering "shaped" belt

The current of fashion seems to be setting toward the small basque (with or without the pointed waist) cut in one with the corsage, or put on sep-Every variation of the Eton or bolero jacket that a dressmaker can invent is now seen in Paris. Everything confirms the report that quantities of velvet used during the coming season. Overdresses or tunics are coming from the leading French dre

makers in increasing numbers. A girlish costume for a little dinner at home has



an underskirt of rose taffeta trimmed with six ruffles of the same. The overdress or tunic of rose crepon meets the sixth ruffle. The corsage is gathered on a pointed yoke of guipure. The girdle and rosettes are of cerise velvet, and the crepon ruffles which form the sleeves are edged with the same

velvet. Bands of Astrakhan, heavy galons and guipures are being prepared for trimming the cloth costumes of winter. Thick rich silks, broche, or striped with velvet satin and moire, are to be popular next winter, and the costume cloths are to be very thick and soft. Belts and buckles are still, it is reported, to be worn; they are seen sometimes with

the new basques. In New-York as yet there seems to be absolutely nothing new in the way of gowns. Some early im-portations at a famous millinery house show that hats and bonnets are to be as broad as they have been high. Regular wings of black velvet or ribbon stand out at right angles, and women promise to be winged Mercurys as to their heads this autumn.

PRESERVED GINGER.

HOW TO MAKE IT AT HOME.

Green ginger is a preserve which comes to our markets from the East Indies at so low a price, when the cost of new ginger is considered, that very few housekeepers of to-day care to prepare their own ginger. It is, moreover, a somewhat troublesome preserve to prepare. Yet there are many old-fashioned families who put up preserved ginger with their yearly supplies, prepared by the old-fashioned rule which has been handed down since colonial days. If report be true, this was a favorite preserve of Martha Washington and the ladies of her republican court. The green ginger used for preserving comes from the West Indies, and is found in perfection in the month of Septem-

Select plump, smooth-looking ginger-root. Gnarled carefully and as the pieces are scraped throw them into cold water. Weigh the roots and allow seven pounds of root to eight pounds of sugar. Put the ginger root over the fire in a large kettle of cold water. Let it boil steadily for about half an hour. Then drain it out of this water, cool it in cold water until it is so tender that it can be easily pierced with a broom splint. Make a syrupusing two quarts of cold water to eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of sugar. Add the shelis and whites of four eggs. Stir the syrup and eight pounds of the seasher, uncounted for multitude. In the tree in front of bounds of the seasher, uncounted for multitude. In the tree in fr or rough pieces are unfit for use. Scrape them carefully and as the pieces are scraped throw them

back over the ginger. Repeat the process a third time, pouring the syrup this time boiling hot over the ginger root. After these successive boilings, the ginger root should be thoroughly permeated with the sugar, and the syrup should be boiled down thick and rich, so that it will be just enough to thoroughly cover the ginger. If the syrup is poured hot at first over the ginger, it will shrink and will not take up the sugar.

GRAPE PRESERVES AND JELLY.

WITH DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING GATSUP. The ripe grape makes a delicious preserve, an excellent jelly, a good catsup and a particularly nice spiced fruit. For the purpose of preserving, the ordinary Concord grape is as good as any other. The musk flavor of this grape when it is perfectly of September, or even a week later, is early enough to put up grapes.

Select perfectly ripe but firm fruit, which shows no tendency to drop from the stem. A grape that is wrinkled in the least degree is utterly unfit for use. It is somewhat more troublesome to preserve grapes than to make them into jelly, because the skin must be slipped off each grape to be used in the preserve instead of being strained out with the seeds and thrown away, as is done in making jelly. Weigh the grapes and then begin by picking the grapes from the stem and slipping the skins from the pulp, laying the skins in one dish and the pulp in another. Put the pulps in a porcelain-lined kettle over the fire, with any juice that may have drained from them, and let them boil for ten minutes. Then strain the mass through a colander fine enough to prevent the seeds from passing through. Throw the seeds away and add the skins to the strained pulp. Add about threequarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of the fruit previously weighed. Let the preserves boil slowly for half an hour, or until they are of a consistency almost as thick as jam. Then pour the preserve into marmalade jars or small earthen jars, and when it is cold cover each jar with brandled papers and seal it up. The use of a paper dipped in brandy and pressed smoothly over the preserve is to prevent mould as well as to insure the keeping of the preserve otherwise. Grape preserves are peculiarly liable to mould, and this precaution should never be neglected.

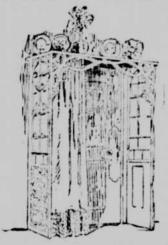
Grape jelly is made by heating the fruit picked from the main stem in an earthen jar set in a Settle of boiling water. Let the water boil around the jar for at least half an hour. Then mash the grapes a little with a potato-masher and strain the juice. To strain the grapes (which have a large residue of stones and fruit to be strained) put a piece of sheer but strong unbleached muslin in a sieve, set over an earthen bowl, and pour the hot grapes through it. The juice will easily drip through with little pressure. Measure out the grape-juice as usual, and allow a pound of sugar to a pint of juice. Put the juice over the fire to juice boil twenty-five minutes and then add the gar, which should have been stirred occasionally to prevent its burning. Add the sugar as soon as the juice has boiled the requisite time, and let this jelly boil about five minutes longer. Then test it. If no old or wrinkled grapes are used there with brandied papers and seal it up, using the white of an egg as a mucilage and rubbing a little over the top. This fills up the pores of the paper, and is a good thing in scaling up all jellies. It will do no harm as an extra precaution to tie a layer of cotton batting over each bowl. Though this was not formerly considered necessary, it is one of the best preventives of the entrance of germ life from

Spiced grapes are prepared exactly as are preserved grapes before the sugar is added—that is, the skins are removed from the pulp, the pulp of fruit, weighed out before removing the seeds. add half a pint of strong vinexar and half a pint of grape juice, obtained from other grapes than those to be prepared for spicing. Add also a solid mass it is time to turn them into marma-lade jars. If not they will require a little longer cooking. This is an especially nice preparation to serve with such roast meats as mutton or venison.

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A CARINET DOOR.

GOOD ARRANGEMENT FOR A DRAUGHTY PORTAL. A capital arrangement for a draughty door is to took the book and opened to the passage, "Hitch make an inclosure like the sketch with glass sides and a heavy curtain in front. This arrangement



pered." so that the points meet in the centre. Th s a very pretty arrangement for the breakfast and unch table; and for people who wish to economize heir linen 't may even take the place of a tablecloth at dinner in hot weather.

WHAT IS FASHIONABLE IN CHAIRS.

CHIPPENDALE AND SHERATON STYLES. At a recent sale of old furniture, the most eagerly sought-for specimens were noticeably the rather gaudy Empire styles, gilt chairs, onyx tables and ormolu cabinets, mirrors, etc. Next Next in public estimation evidently came specimens



THE FLY-AWAY-DIRD.

AND OTHER HIGH-FLYING REMARKS BY SAM WALTER FOSS.

AN ACCURATE FIEND AND HIS HORRIBLE DEATH -BEN BURLAP'S BARN. (Copyright, 1883, By Sam Walter Foss.)

THE FLY-AWAY-BIRD. Oh, the Fly-Away-Bird is swift of wing, And swift and high is he, And he files as high in the blue of the sky As any birds that be: And fleet of foot is the lusty man,

As fleet as a winged word, Who can sprinkle salt, without default, On the tail of the Fly-Away-Bird. But the Fly-Away-Bird seems as tame as a hen,

Of the farthest shores of space.

Like a barnyard fowl seems he, But the nest he has made or the egg he has laid Is an absent absentee. And when a man with a sprinkle of salt Comes near to his roosting-place, The bird he darts to the outermost parts

But we all chase after the Fly-Away-Bird, Over river and mountain and dale, And think in an hour we'll have the power To sprinkle the sait on his tail. But still, since the base of the planet was laid, And the morning stars were heard, No fortunate fellow has felt of the mellow, Bright plumes of the Fly-Away-Bird.

For the Fly-Away-Bird is our own bright dream, 'Tis the hope that was born with man; Then follow it far to the uttermost star, The clear blue's farthest span. And the man who has no Fly-Away-Bird Is a mortal most forlorn; It were better that he should be sunk in the sea, Or that he had never been born.

See! he lights up there on the Crags of Hope And his wings they gleam in the sun With the gorgeous dyes of the sunset skies When the summer day is done, And though this bird was never yet caged In a narrower cage than the sky, Whose is deterred from chasing the bird,-'Tis time for that man to die.

Then up and away for the Fly-Away-Bird, Let us lead him a jolly good race; And let every man know that the bird that files lov Is no kind of a bird to chase. Then up and away for this high-flying fowl,

Let him pierce to the deeps of the sky,

Let him understand, with the salt in our hand, We'll chase till the day that we die.

THE ACCURATE SIMON BOMBLETON. Simon Bombleton was the worst man I ever knew But still he never broke any of the commandments, as far as I could ever discover. A man may be fiend and still keep all the commandments.

But yet Simon Bombleton was a very sinful man. He was wicked, and, I most potently believe, thorughly deprayed. His great sin was accuracy-and for this sin, in its final development, there is no My purpose in telling this sad tale is to entreat

all young men who feel this insidious habit of ac-curacy gradually growing upon them to break tolently away from the subtle threads that are imperceptibly being woven about them. Flee from the awful habit of accuracy as you would flee from the City of Destruction. Reform before it is too

Simon was so accurate that he would count the moon every night to see how many it was. He was terribly afraid that some night he might count it

books that he wrote were not true; and why fools mili read his wretched falsehoods and pay big prices for them when the honest, exact and accur-ate reports of the Census Bureau could be had for the asking, was a mystery he couldn't solve.

He didn't believe the Bible because he said it

wasn't accurate. It made this explicit, unqualified, unconditional statement: "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days." Simon declared that this was not so, for he had tried it. He asked his wife one day for a loaf of bread, and he took it down to the sawmill brook and cast it upon the waters. Then he waited many days, but he never found it again. He said this was enough for him. It demonstrated the inaccuracy of the Scriptures and he again turned to his blessed Census Reports for consolation.

Simon couldn't read Shakespeare, because he said thick, who could say we find "sermons in stones," and When "books in the running brooks" was either crazy or foolish. What Shakspeare lacked were brains children. I am confident that it has never yet or foolish. What Shakspeare lacked were brains and facts. He had no head for figures; and so he made up lies, and Simon regretted to say many made up lies, and Simon regretted to say many for the foolists. There ought to be statistics gathered in regard to this matter. Such statistics people were silly enough to read them rather than read the almanac. I tried once to get Simon to read Emerson. He

your wagon to a star.'

"Emerson is a fool," says he, "It would take an may be made as elaborate as a cabinet with leaded expert harness-maker 23,513,68 years to make a harpanes, carved panels, and a shelf above for bric-a-brac, all this rendering it as ornamental as it is useful. A cool-looking and pretty arrangement for a din-ing-table in summer which has the virtue of sparing the linen and helping the laundress, is to cover the table with a cloth of blue denim, and arrange square cloths—cliffer large damask napkins or hemstitched squares of white linen—at each end, "cater-corsuch twaddle, and not read the Census Report and

Simon said Tennyson was the biggest gump he ever did see. But he had great admiration for Babbage, the mathematician, who exploded Tennyson's statement that

"Every moment dies a man Every moment one is born;" and who asked the poet to amend the lines in

future editions so that they might read, Every moment dies a man. Every moment one and one-sixteenth of a man is

Babbage, Simon said, was a far bigger man than old Tennyson.

He said they seldom made an accurate statement, and to the honor of human nature, he said he was glad that nearly everybody laughed at everything they wrote. Men so careless in the statement of of the human species which is extremely numerfacts as they were ought to be laughed at.

Nobody could talk with Simon, for Simon was ac curate and always told the truth; and the bald truth always kills social conversation as dead as Paris in these days far more than formerly. We have green kills the potato bug. Simon was accurately decided that when a man is lank and bony and green kills the potato bug. Simon was accurately truthful and would introduce a conversation by saying: "I am sorry to see you," or "Your false teeth are very wobbly this morning," or, "You are looking more dissipated than ever," or, "Your clothes do not fit you. Your coatsleeves are three-eighths of an inch too long, and your pantaloons are one and one-sixty-fourth of an inch too short," Such remarks were not conductve to further con-

Such remarks were not conducive to further conversation.

And Simon would allow no one to taik to him; he would strew his bowlders of facts all along the conversational highway for the unlucky conversationalist to tumble over.

"Last July," said his wife to Simon, "when you bought that ten-acre lot."

"But it wasn't last July," said Simon, "it was last August. And it wasn't a ten-acre lot; it was a ten and two-nineteenths acre lot."

"Last August," continued his wife, "when you bought your ten and two-nineteenths acre lot."

"The first day of August, my dear, be accurate," interrupted Simon.

"The first day of August," continued his wife.

"The first day of August," broke in Simon. Then his wife sot disgusted, as usual, and relired to her closet, and fervently prayed that he might die. And a loud "Amen" was in the hearts of all her neighbors.

her neighbors.

And it will lend a glimmer of light to this sombre tale when I tell the reader that he did die. He died accurately. He was found one morning in his library. A big book of statistics had fallen from the shelf and struck him accurately upon the head. Everybody said it was a beautiful and appropriate death

And a screne and blessed peace brooded over the eighborhood.

of Daniel Webster's birthplace will flourish, as the late Bayard Taylor said,

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old.
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold. And while it lasts the lumber supply of the world is assured. BEN BURLAP'S BARN.

Ben Burlap bragged about his barn with every man he see.
He said it wuz the finest barn that any barn could be;
Sez he, "The worl' is full er barns; but still I calkerlate
There aint no barn like Burlap's barn, an' hain't been up to date."

An' w'en yer saw a wild-eyed man who raised consid'ble rumpus. An' waved an' flopped his arms aroun' to all p'ints of the com-

pass, swished his whiskers in the wind an spun a haff-day You'd know it wuz Ben Burlap, sure, expoundin' on his barn.

An' I went down to see his barn, he hung on so like sin.
One day I tol' my wife I guessed I'd
go and take it in.
'Twuz jest as good ez Jim hed said,
ez fine ez it could be,
It beat all barns I ever see, or ever
'spect to see.

W'en I come out sez I to Jim, "What's that small buildin' That kinder wobbly lookin' thing,
that tumble-down affair?
It looks so rickety an' weak 'taint
fit to hold a mouse."
"Oh, yes," sez Jim, "it's full er
mice; that ar hut is my
house."
SAM WALTER I

SAM WALTER FOSS.

A WOMAN AT THE FAIR

VISITING TYPES.

GIGGLING GIRLS AND RED-FACED MEN-THE MAHARAJAH IN A BARGE.

Chicago, Sept. 1.-There are two women whom we see every time we go to the Fair. My friend thinks that they have always lived here, and that they cannot now live without a peristyle and a large gilt statue of the Republic standing in front of it. Indeed, we begin to think that we also cannot "get along" if we may not every day walk under an ornamented roof supported by Greek columns, and see statues at every turn. Gertrude says that the general tenor of her own thoughts is far Greeker than was ever the case with her before. She thought at first that Venice would predominate, but she does not think so now. That is, she does not think so to-day. Still her conclusions to-day may be widely different from what they will be to-morrow. She is one of those wise people who are able to

change their minds. are discussing the advisability of having a column with the prows of Roman war vessels protruding from it. We want it set up in our little flower gar-den at home. We know of several people in Ran-some who would like this column as a symptom of some who would like this column as a symptom of insanity. We can see just how the men would drive into the yard and get out of their farm wagons and walk round a column like that. But what Gertrude particularly wants to know is at what figure the town assessor would value it, and how much we should be taxed for our column. I don't feel such an ardent desire to be taxed for a Roman prowed column. It seems to me that there are other ways in which I could spend my money

with more pleasure to myself.

We have been talking upon this subject since we have been sitting in the Court of Honor waiting for the Maharajah of Kapurthala to come and review some troops. We have been occupying this same seat for nearly two hours. We came early. like a great many other people, for we knew that it was not probable that we should ever have another opportunity to wait for a Maharajah in a Court of Honor, or elsewhere, and he is an extremely handsome man. Gertrude has seen him. Her conclusion is that he is without doubt one of those who make a kind husband. I have not yet seen him, but I have seen a picture of his harem which is, I suppose, situated somewhere in Kapur-thala. I have decided to speak of the country from which the Maharajah comes as if I knew where it was, and had always been in the habit of pro-nouncing it daily. But I don't know where it is. Gertrude says she does not think that even the newspaper reporters, who write it so glibly, know any more than we do. She has settled upon a place in the vicinity of the Ural Mountains. It is impossible to tell why she has chosen the Ural Mountains, for it is almost certain in my mind that they do not have Maharajaha there. When people are going to wait for several hours there is no lovelier place in which to pass the time than near the Mac-Monnies fountain, and it is great fun to watch the

of cosmic dust, for a period of 19,476,123 years. Oh, Emerson is a fool," says he. "Why is it men read and that is to have them shot. She thinks that no

Simon wouldn't read Mark Twain and Bill Nye- thick mustache and red-veined face knows all the

there is an aroma of manilness and honesty which comes from him. I always hope that his farm is not mortgaged. His wife, straggling along beside him, looks like him, only with more lines of care and fretfulness in her face. She is dragging a small boy by the hand, and the small boy hangs back on her hand, being desirous of looking at some things a long time. This object hanging to her may account for the lines in her face. But they are all seeing the Fair, and that is something they can never forget.

It seems as if the ordinary man and woman were here by myriads-the ordinary creature, with nothing whatever distinguishing. They are trooping by us constantly, walking, walking; gazing, gazing, and each one making the same that every one else has made. They are the types of the veriest commonplaceness. Gertrude thinks it is fortunate that there are so many con place people in the world, and when I pressed her to explain what she meant she would only reply that "genius kept one so keyed up." She would

silk umbrellas. They are talking and laughing, and they look as fresh as if they could never be weary. Perhaps they never do get weary. They give the most positive opinions about the Fair. This thing is "absolutely awful"; the other thing is "too perfectly lovely for anything." They do aurely is far enough. There are six of these giris crowded on to a seat near us. To look at the seat you would not suppose that it would be possible for it to hold as many people, but it does, and they are giggling with delight in the fact. Ger-trude looks at them, and then announces that she is so sorry that she has not had a note book and put down the number of Eton jackets she has seen, and then make an average of how many there would be in a day. My friend has a weak-As the afternoon wanes the crowd increases,

We have given up conversing and are only walt-ing. It is at such times that one is quite likely to decide that it is better never to see anything than to wait in a crowd. But the throng is good natured; it smiles and is patient. The air is getting somewhat electrical now with the coming of the Rajah. It is after the time. Somebody has said that they have started from the landing at the Art Gallery, that they are actually on their way, through the lagoons. We all move expectantly. It is true that the Exposition authorities are fully, able to organize and carry out magnific geants here, and here is the setting for any sump-tuous ceremonial that can be imagined. Fancy, Cleopatra coming along on the water down there by the Peristyle. Gertrude says that she should not be a bit ashamed of the surroundings if that Egyptian woman were rowed along the basin here.

by the Peristyle. Gertrude says that she should not be a bit ashamed of the surroundings if that Egyptian woman were rowed along the basin here, and she adds that what is good enough for Cleopatra is good enough for anybody.

But there comes the first barge. There is the King of Kings. They certainly do know how to decorate in the gorgeous style; those East Indians never err on the side of simplicity. And I believe in all of us there is a lurking love of splendor, richness and profuse magnificence. We like to assert that we prefer a retined and chaste simpleness. I suppose we do, in the "long run," but I have to confess that I was quite thoroughly taken by all this display as the barges came slowly over the water to the front of the Administration Building.

"An excellent time for adjectives," said my friend. In a moment she informed me that she was going to read "Lalia Rookh" again; that she had never before known how she loved Nourmahal. Now I have always known how I loved Nourmahal, and that I ought to guard against a weakness for opulence and all such enervating temptations. I mean that I should have to guard against opulence if it ever came walking along within my reach. It was Gertrude who quoted the above lines as the barges came nearer. The very water seemed more brilliant. My friend had evidently cast all thought of statistics aside for the present and was repeating poetry that had only a general fitness. Here were the carpets, shawls and embroideries from Kashmir. Here was His Highness reciling on cushions in the barge thus decorated. There was an altendant stationed behind the King of Kings, and he held above the noble being what I think is called a "regal umbrella" with a lot of peacock tall feathers upon it. There is often a vein of childishness in ceremonials, but the rough think of that later. Do not let me forget the something made of ostrich wand were. Ordinarily he pursued his tpavels in what might be called plain clothes. Ipided, it is difficult to imagine how he could travel much in the full

Bedoulins and Russian and Spanish men in form, and many strange beings from the Plaisance?

Yes, it has certainly been a gorgeous spectacle, and I suppose that never in all our lives shall we see so many Cashmere shawls, and so much gold and so many jewels; and I am quite positive that we shall never see a chobdar again. It was quite distressing when we came out upon plain United States "Stony-ave." after the show. Stony-ave. was especially shabby and uninteresting, and as we walked to our room we looked back upon the towers of the Fair buildings, and felt that life after we had really left the Exposition would be very little more than a void. We should then be telling ourselves that, no matter what happened hereafter, we had been blest.

Have the chair-pushers been living on fl a day, and a small percentage of their receipts, with the Fair thrown in? If that is the case, why have they not struck before? Or, rather, why did they make such an engagement? Now a greater number than usual of the chairs are idle, and the pretty girls who find so frequently that they cannot walk another step are obliged to walk and keep on walking. The sedan-chairs are rather more in use. An alert American face has a very incongruous appearance when seen in one of those un-American sedan-chairs. Those baggy-trousered Turks should carry the Indolent-faced, swarthy person who can lean tack and look out at us through half-shut eyes.

M. L. P.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT ABROAD,

growth. There are always elderly women, with pasteboard boxes, out of which they are feeding children. I am confident that it has never yet been discovered how much a child can eat from a pasteboard box. There ought to be statistics gathered in regard to this matter. Such statistics would be of interest to those who bont. Gertrued thinks it is foolish to talk like this, because, she says, it would all depend upon the size of the box. Whatever the size of the box, a child, whether large or small, could eat all there was in it. First, there would have to be an average box.

There are a great many young men who, when they would be of interest to those who do not shall depend on the size of the box. Whatever the size of the box, a child, whether large or small, could eat all there was in it. First, there would have to be an average box.

There are a great many young men who, when the work with ber. This kind of a made much the size one way in which to treat that kind of men, and that is to have them shot. She thinks that no more many in which to treat that kind of men, and that is to have them shot. She thinks that no more many in which to treat that kind of men, and that is to have them shot. She thinks that manner. This seems severe to me. I love these young creatures, and I would surgest that their days be not shortened in the land, but that the girls stop letting their elsows be clutched in this way.

There are a great many short, thickset men collecting here to see the Maharajah. They always plant their fee firmly, and they will be made they are the same and red faces which is each will purply company the stop of the same and the face which is many the stop of the same and the face which less who was a stop of the same and the face which is seen seed to shortened in the land, but that the girls stop letting their elsows be clutched in this way.

There are a great many short, thickset men collecting here to see the Maharajah. They always plant their fee firmly, and they short the same and the face which is seen

THE JOY OF SUDDEN DEATH.

From The Pall Mall Gazette. From The Pall Mail Gazette.

It is more than twenty years ago since Bishop Wilberforce, riding with Earl Granville to Mr. Leveson-Gower's seat in Surrey, where Mr. Gladstone so often stays, fell from his horse, and was killed. It was said at the time that he desired a sudden death. Singular confirmation of this is afforded by a story just told in an obituary notice of the Rev. George Crabbe Rolfe, for fifty-four years vicar of Halley, Oxon. The writer says, "On one occasion the Bishop and Mr. Rolfe were riding together down a very steep hill in the parish, the vicar on his old pony, the Bishop, as usual, on his one good mount. The latter rode down somewhat too precipitately for the vicar and his pony, and Mr. Rolfe, on catching his lordship up, twitted him upon his intrepid horsemanship. To this the Bishop replied that a sudden death was about the happiest thing that could happen to a man."

From The London Daily Telegraph.

The police tribunal of Rouen has been called upon to settle a highly amusing case, which may indeed be described as being apropos des bottes. A certain gentleman in that ancient city was talking to a lady other than his wife, when she remarked on the beauty of the latter's boots. The faithless spouse promptly took possession of the pedal works of art and laid them at the feet of the person in question. She was, however, evidently blessed with larger extremities than the legitimate owner, for the boots split, and were sent to be mended. When the cobbler had fitished them he placed them in his window, where, by an unfertunate accident, lady number one caugat sight of them. She had entered the shop to ask the cobbler how he came by her boots when, unluckly, the other lady appeared upon the scene, and the boot-mender enjoyed half an hour's unexpected amusement. The boots were ultimately restored to their real owner. From The London Daily Telegraph.